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AIRS, DUETTS, TRIOS, &c.

IN THE

MUSICAL FARCE

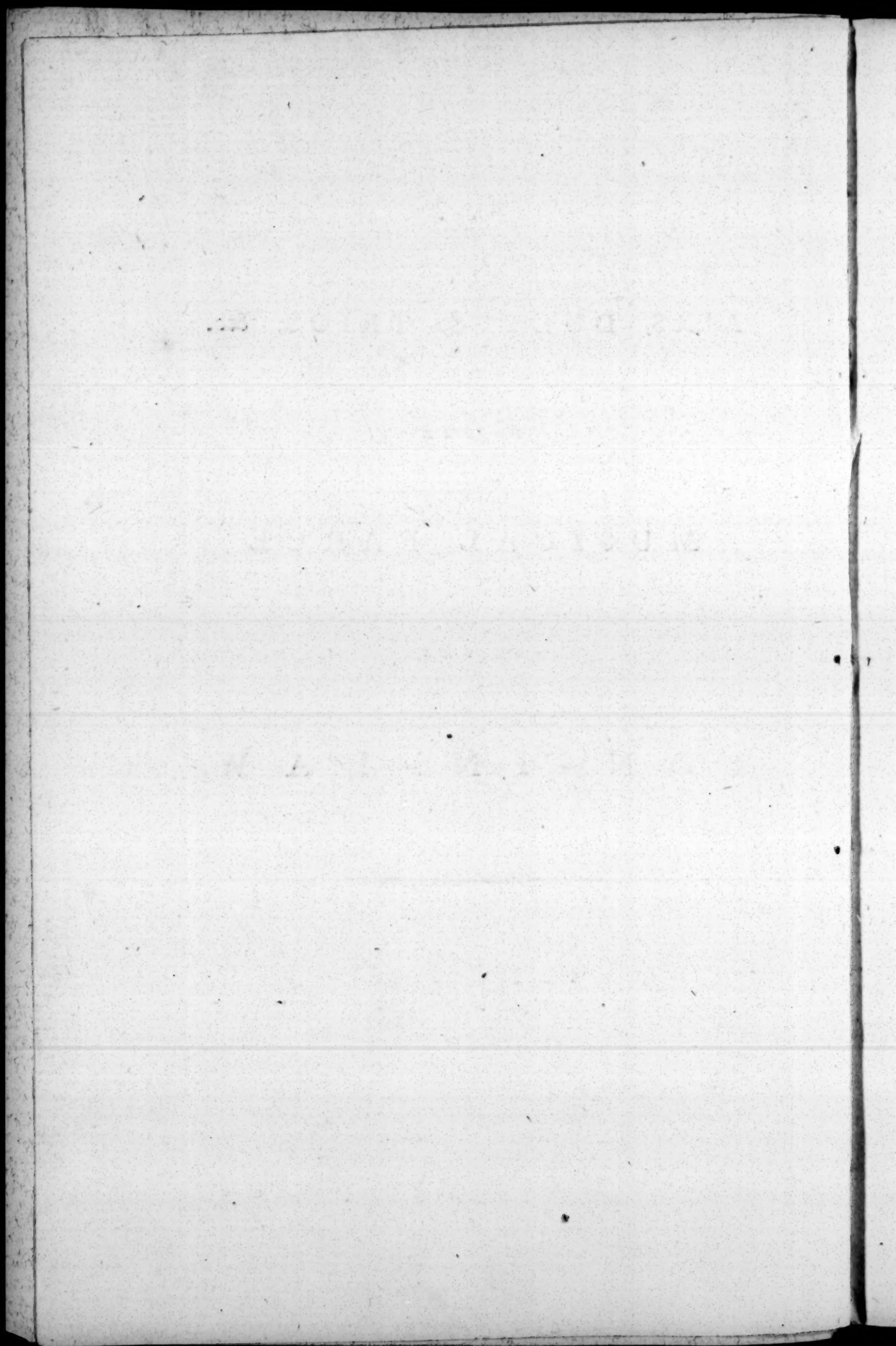
OF THE

SON - I N - L A W.

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Price SIX-PENCE.

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AIRS, DUETTS, TRIOS, &c.

IN THE

MUSICAL FARCE

OF

The SON-IN-LAW.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN THE

HAY-MARKET.

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FOURTH EDITION.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.

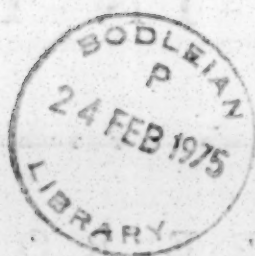
M.DCC.LXXXV.



THE DUBLIN TRIST

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CHARACTERS *that sing the Airs.*

Cranky, - Mr. PARSONS.

Signior Arionelli, Mr. BANNISTER.

Bowkitt, - Mr. EDWIN.

Bouquet, - Mr. WOOD.

Cecilia, - Mrs. BANNISTER.

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S O N G S, &c.

I N T H E

S O N - I N - L A W.

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A C T I.

A I R I.—*Cecilia.*

THO' sweetly breathes the smiling spring,  
Tho' gentle rains the flowers bring,  
And hawthorn buds so gay;  
In vain descend refreshing show'rs,  
In vain peeps forth the infant flow'rs,  
My true love far away.

II.

Tho' summer suns rejoice the swains,  
Or yellow autumn blebs the plains,  
And sweetly-smelling hay;  
Tho' all around be blyth and glad,  
Cecilia's heart alone is sad,  
Her true love far away.

A I R.

A I R—*Bouquet.*

THIS face observe, discerning fair,  
Observe each motion debonair!

My Artois buckles when you view,  
In shining sable fatten shoe,  
You'll say that I'm from top to toe  
A monstrous handsome city beau.

II.

My humble whisky I despise,  
Like Phaeton I mount the skies;  
And, as I drive away like mad,  
They all declare that I'm the lad;  
And cry—"he's sure, from top to toe  
"A monstrous handsome city beau."



A I R—*Fowkitt.*

WITH an air  
Debonair,  
I instruct the ladies;  
Charming, sweet, and pretty,  
Lovely, fair, and witty,  
Susan, Jane, or Kitty,  
I contrive to hit ye:  
Come away,  
All ye gay,  
For the dance my trade is;  
Charming, sweet, and pretty,  
Lovely, fair, and witty,  
Pr'ythee, come away!  
See, see, see!  
The dancers are met;  
What an elegant set!  
While in country dance,  
Or cotillion they prance,  
I regulate their pace.  
Ye youths, would you the secret know  
Why I'm carest where'er I go,  
With kitt in hand I draw my bow,  
I squeeze the hand and point the toe,  
And slide into their grace.

F I N A L E.

*Bowkitt.* You're so charming and fair,  
Such a grace, such an air,  
That you'll swim in the dance  
Like a lady from France;  
And will prove, when a wife,  
A good partner for life.

*Cranky.* Some fathers would huff, frown and  
low'r,  
Insist on their absolute pow'r,  
And give up their children for pelf:  
But, Cecilia, since you'll not agree  
To marry the man pleases me,  
E'en marry who pleases yourself.

*Cecilia.* Cupid, Hymen, crown my love,  
To a maiden's call attend;  
Faithful may the husband prove,  
When the father proves a friend!

C H O-

C H O R U S.

*Cecilia.* Cupid, Hymen, hear our prayer!

*Bowkitt.* Let the Graces dance the hay!

*Cranky.* Bacchus, on thy tun appear!  
This is Cranky's holiday!

*All.* This is feast, and holiday!



A C T II.

SONG—Cranky.

I Like a plain song, without fine repetitions,  
Soft cadences, graces, or running divisions;  
I love *Lango-lee*, and sweet *Gra ma chree Molly*,  
Or *Strike up the jorum to chace melancholy* :  
With a bottle of red, give me *Bumper 'Squire*  
*Jones*,

And *the Tempest of War* in bold Bannister's  
tones.

With old friends and old wine,  
Thus I feel no decay,  
But a gentle decline,  
As life passes away.

Good-humour's our waiter, so drink and sit still,  
For why should we part till old death brings  
the bill?

A I R

A I R—*Cecilia.*

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along,  
The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,  
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to  
move,  
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.

II.

Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,  
Ye birds that left by summer, cease to sing;  
Ye trees that fade, when Autumn heats remove,  
Say, is not absence death to those who love?

A I R—*Cecilia.*

Goddeſs of the magic Cæſtus,  
Queen of amorous arts and wiles,  
How can we, when cares moleſt us,  
    Veil our agonies in ſmiles?

While in dread ſuſpenſe we tremble,  
While black cares and fears annoy,  
Vain the effort to diſſemble,  
    Hard to wear the face of joy!

A I R



A I R——*Arionelli.*

Water parted from the sea,  
May increase the river's tide,  
To the bubbling fount may flee,  
Or thro' fertile vallies glide.  
But in search of lost repose,  
Doom'd, like me, forlorn to roam,  
Still it bubbles as it flows,  
Panting for its native home.

A I R

A I R——*Arionelli.*

Signor Cranky, then *Addio*,  
Banish all your vain alarms;  
Ah, farewell! *bell' idol mio*,  
To a Briton give your charms.

FINALE.

*Cranky.* No longer Cupid's foe, child,  
To make you reparation,  
For all our sad vexation,  
Go, please your inclination,  
And take your lovely beau, child.

*Cecilia.* Papa, I humbly thank ye.

*Cranky.* Tune up your vi'loncello,  
This night I'll sure get mellow;

*Cecilia.* And as a kind old fellow,  
Each lover here will thank ye.

*Cranky.* No more I'll be absurd;  
If Old Nick could hither carry him,  
You this very night should marry him.

*Bouquet.* I take you at your word.



*Cranky.* Hark! hark! for without doubt  
The voice came from the bass.

*Bouquet.* Make haste, and let me out!

*Cecilia.* My lover's in the case!

*Cranky.* A lover in the case!  
Is this your beau, my dear?

*Bouquet.* Yes, sir, and your obedient.

*Cranky.* And thus you got in here?

*Cecilia.* } A lover's last expedient.

*Bouquet* }

*Cranky.* I keep my word, her hand here take:

*Cecilia.* No more you'll play the naughty rake.

*Bouquet.* For love, I folly here forsake.

*Cecilia.* Hail! oh, harmony divine,  
Parent of the tuneful Nine!

Warbling, sporting,  
Chirping, courting,  
Love and harmony be mine.

*Chorus.*

THE END.

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